NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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THE DESTINY OF MAN.

A Sermon,

Delivered at Danbury, before the Connecticut Convention of Universalists, Oct. 9, 1833.

BY THEOPHILUS FISK.

Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
Job xvi, 10.

If we cast a retrospective glance upon the past, we see that change, blight, and ruin, mark the page of history. The light of other days flashes on the stormy wave of life, like the beacon of decay, gleaming upon a land of graves. The buds of hope have withered—the storm hath swept over the cankered flower like the breath of the desert, to sear and blight. Earth's mightiest, have become powerless—the arm whose strength was unyielding, is palsied. The mother and the child—the hoary sire, and the giddy youth, have gone to their dwelling of repose.—The hand that held the sceptre, the brow that wore the mitre, the voice that controlled the destinies of millions, the heart of the brave and the warrior's arm, are hidden in the mansions of the tomb. They who loved or scorned, those who grieved, and they that rejoiced, all have passed away. The founders of kingdoms, the builders of empires, the wise and the foolish, the king and beggar, have alike become a banquet for the beetle and the worm.

Where now the heroes of the olden time?—Where now their matchless legions? Where the swarthy brow of him who trod the might of Marius down? Where the might of him who bowed the fierce Scythian? who trained the Roman eagles to feast on blood; and mar the noblest work of God? Ask the deaf, the dumb—a voiceless answer comes—they slumber with the dead. The din of arms is hushed, the trumpet of their victories is silent. The ivy creeps upon their battlements, the raven broods in their decayed turrets; their deserted halls are crumbling into dust. The thunder, whose bolt shivered empires, has died away upon the ear. Their spears no longer glitter upon the shrinking sight of foemen; a mightier conqueror hath spoken, and they are ashes; the heart of the haughty is cold, and the voice of the eloquent is dumb. All have gone down to slumber in the charnel house of dust and darkness—have passed away like the remembrance of a dream.

In the house appointed for all living, is to be found all ranks, ages and conditions. Many, before whose eyes ambition had placed a glittering crown—the history of whose life was a record of brilliant hopes, and promising expectations, repose beneath a moss covered hillock. The fondly loved, and the dearly prized, lie side by side; the destroyer breathed upon them, and they are at peace. No groans mingle with their songs, no sighs heave their bosoms, all their tears are wiped away. Though their smiles no longer gladden our hearts on earth, though we miss the pitying tear when we are sad, their spirits rest upon a happier shore, where clouds and storms can never come. Life's weariness and strife is over, its pains are ended, sin and sorrow have ceased together. 'What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.'

It has ever seemed strange to the speaker, that an event, which comes alike to all, should bring such gloom and terror with it—particularly in a world where, from the very nature and constitution of things, death must close the final scene of the great drama of human life. How singular, that an event that is so common, which we all know to be inevitable, should bring with it agitation, trembling and fear—that we should associate with it the idea of darkness, dread, and desolation; as if it were some awful and unprecedented judgement—some horrible catastrophe—some terrible convulsion of the universe; as if nature had deviated from her course, and the mighty fabric were crumbling into ruins? What is there in this event that should cause the blood to chill and curdle in its bounding course?—What is there in this, that should cause the heart to palpitate with undefinable sensations of wrong and misery? Why do we start and shudder as we grasp the cold hand of the departed? Why so tenacious of this imperfect existence? Strange that those who have drank deep of the cup of sorrow—who have contended with a life of adversity—should call death the king of terrors, when he comes as a deliverer!

Were it not for our erroneous education, were it not for the baleful principles imbibed in our childhood, we should never look forward to this event with gloomy forebodings. The care-worn and the grief-stricken—they whose hearts are heavy with clouds of care, and are bleeding in silence and solitude, would look upon the little mound of freshly piled earth, and say, here soon will my griefs be forgotten, and my cares ended—here I shall repose in quiet—here the scorching rays of slander cannot penetrate to wither the springing buds of hope and beauty—here the cold chilling breath of false friendship can no more freeze the warm current of human sympathy—here the frosty ingratitude of the hollow hearted will no longer palsy the better emotions of the soul, and turn the heart to stone—for here 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

I would not be understood to mean that we can regard this event with a stoical indifference. I do not suppose that we can feel the invisible bond that binds us to earth—the loosening of the cords of life—the breaking up of its reservoirs of sympathy, with apathy. It is not to be expected that we are so callous as to feel regret at parting with the friends we love—but what I would guard against is, this shuddering and fear, when the voice of our Father admonishes us that it is time to go home! What though the road be dark—it leads to mansions of peace in the paradise of God! What of all this—the spirit cannot die—the enobling faculties and the god-like affections do not go down to the dust—they came not thence, they return not thither—the frail habitation dissolves, crumbles and decays—but it is only the tenement—the occupant has removed to another dwelling. The fixed eye—the damp brow—the unchanging countenance—the heart whose current is congealed to ice—this is not the man—it was but his tabernacle for a season—but where is he?

A few brief days ago he lived among us, making glad the hearts of the desolate, and cheering the habitation of the destitute—his body now reposes beneath the willow or the elm—the turf has been thrown open—the dreary sound of the returning clod has been heard, and humanity is incorporated with the dust. But where is he? The festive board is covered with plenty—but one seat is vacant. The hills were clad in cheerfulness, and the garden was decked with beauty—but the lillies droop and the beauty fades—he has passed away—and where is he?

Mark yonder storid urn—beneath it sleeps one whose glance might have shamed the eagle's eye, whose voice shook land and sea; his hand sowed tears and sighs, and his the arm that reaped a red harvest in the field of death. His last watch-fire is quenched, his head pillows upon a torn banner and a broken shield, his arms are in rust, his eye is sealed in darkness, his giant frame is mingling with its native earth, his spirit is—where?

See that proud vessel, borne upon the stormy wave like a thing of life; for many a toilsome day she hath ploughed the mighty deep, now and she folds her weary wings, and rests from all her toils. See the crowded wharves, look at the gathering multitude of anxious friends, who thronging around with busy feet to catch the earliest tidings of those they love. The boats are manned, the crew are once more safe on land, but one comes not; a mournful tale that seaman's history—his cheerful countenance will no more bless the aching eyes of those who have kept a tireless watch for his return. His body sleeps beneath the briny wave, the ocean is his sepulchre, but he is—where?

Why leans that man upon his staff—he is not of the aged, nor is he weary, and yet he trembles! That garb of wo reveals the cause—he is companionless. She whose smiles had lighted up his pathway, whose voice to him was sweeter than the melody of birds, has become a tenant of the house of silence. A blight has fallen upon his manhood—left like a solitary oak in the midst of a fallen forest, the lone monument of departed beauty—shadows are on his heart—affections fondest links are shattered; she whose hand had soothed the unquiet throbbing of his troubled brain, has departed, but—whither?

There is wailing by that social hearth-side—forms are bending down in fear and agony that but yesterday were rife with joy and gladness; stifled sobs rend the bosom that attempts to smother them; tireless that household stand to mark the pallid cheek and sunken eye, of a mother fondly loved. Where but a day ago was health and comfort, now is seen the deep lines of pain, disease and death. Lonely and sad is now the dwelling where joy so lately laughed. Gently had the dying one watched the pillow of their sleeping innocence—kindly had she mingled her sympathies with the joys and sorrows of humanity—the pillow had been softly smoothed for the weary head—her voice had soothed the troubled mind; but now—the pulse grows faint and feeble—the cords of being are parting asunder—the eye though glazed and dim, still turns with unchanging affection upon those who will soon be orphans—they still hear the soft accents of love falling from lips that must soon be cold. One more feebled pressure of the

parched hand, one more fond look, and nature's last debt is paid—she is gone, but—where? Dare you urge the question—you who believe that the putting out of the lamp of life, is the last farewell to existence—that we go down at death to the bondage of the tomb, its blackness and darkness forever—dare you ask this question, who believe that the valley of death, is one long continued midnight, unescapable and eternal, no better land beyond? O how dreary is such a thought—that all our hopes and aspirations, all our visions of felicity and future glory, all our friendships, should be forever shrouded in the narrow house of silence! That the Great Spirit has called intelligence into being—lighted up the spark of existence, for a few short years—but to be quenched with the black waters of death! No! That Being, that Power, which protracts my existence one hour, can continue it countless ages if he pleases! If future existence be a blessing, and its Author, be benevolent, will such a gift be withheld?

If we pity the man who has no hope in his heart, no yearning after a higher and a holier being, whose groveling mind is satisfied with the grossness and sensuality of earth, whose spirit never aspires beyond the dark prison in which it is confined, nor rejoices in the expectation of ultimate emancipation, if we pity him who affords no evidence of a superior origin---no manifestation that he ranks higher than the cattle upon the hills---what must be our sympathy for him who looks forward with freezing anticipation to an eternity of unmitigated agony?

If he who lives without hope and without God in the world, is to be pitied, how much sympathy does he deserve at our hands who startles at the rustling of a leaf---whose hair rises at the moving of a straw? He believes---but it is the faith of those beings whose belief is coupled with trembling---with wretchedness and fear. How dark and desolate must be that bosom, whose faith is cruel---who looks forward to the end of life's journey, as an event of all others the most awful---who expects at the gate of the heavenly courts, to part, and that for an eternity, from all that he loved on earth! What is existence to him? He is severed by anticipation from every thing most dear---all that has made life a blessing, he sees in the mind's eye, destined to an eternity of hopeless and unavailing sorrow. Let this belief grow strong. Let this gloomy faith become firm and unwavering ---and the associations of kindred, and the felicities of home, are his no more. For him the morning brings no gladness, the evening no rest. On him the glorious sun shines with sickly rays, and the stars shoot malignant fires. For him the heavens distil no refreshing dews, and the skies wear no brightness---the fields no verdure ---and for him the flowers bloom in vain. The smiles of his consort, and the glad voices of his children, harrow up his soul with the awful images of their immortal pain and undying agony. Let any one of the tender plants that are clustering around his family hearth, be rudely torn away, without a moment for repentance---called in an instant to the presence of one he considers an unsparing Judge---and dare you ask that man, thy child has given up the ghost, and where is he? If that parent believes in his creed---what mountains must be on his heart that faith cannot remove---what fire in his brain that oceans of tears cannot quench. And call you this peace on earth---call you this the religion of Jesus? Call you this a revelation of good-will to man? Are these the doctrines that are to speak peace and comfort to the troubled soul? Compared with this, the barren and unpeopled desart of atheism were an Eden! An immortal existence bestowed by an all-wise God to be an unending curse---call you this the knowledge of glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people? O what bitter mockery is this---how absurd, how impossible.

Look at our unbelieving friends as they leave their temples of mourning, after having listened to tidings of endless despair! Do they rejoice, as did the early christians, with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Ah! No. Their heads are bowed like the bulrush---their eyes are dimmed with tears---their bosoms heave with uncontrollable sorrow. Can the religion of Jesus produce such opposite effects now from that of former times?

If the doctrine of free agency be true---if the notions of our brethren be correct, who affirm that God places good and evil before us, and permits us to choose freely---he neither decreeing our happiness or saving us from misery---then there must be a time when we begin to be agents; we surely are not born so---we cannot choose and refuse when we begin to exist---this cannot be done until we have a knowledge of good and evil. Fix them upon a point in your own minds, when the child begins to be an accountable, moral agent—be that time longer or shorter—be it a single hour, or a single day. At night the child dies. The spirit has been given back to its Maker, ere the heart had grown familiar with the wiles of sin—ere the bitter fruits of guile had been garnered up. A day ago and he was his mother's pride—the blossoms of the spring had called him forth to revel in their sweets; at night he turns away from his accustomed friends, to pillow on his mother's arm. There's suffocation in the throat, a weight is upon his breast as if a heavy hand were laid upon him; his lips turn dark and tremulous, and the breath comes feebly up; the cold damps gather upon his brow ---and he is gone---but where? That child of thine, fond parent, may be pinioned in the burning flood of quenchless fire---for the sins of that single hour of his moral accountability, may be doomed to live in the fearful gulf forever! Aye ---if your creed be irue, he must be doomed to live on, and burn, and burn, and never be consumed---for the the sins of a single hour. Say, kind mother, when you miss the prattler at your knee---when the morning dawns and no voice breaks upon the ear with its tones of gladness---then think that thy priceless gift now inhabits the dismal lake, the sinner's burning home---where gnashing teeth and horrid groans know no ceasing world without end!---and tell me that your faith affords you unspeakable joy! Talk not of shuddering at God's truth---tell me not that dark shadows gather around your couch, and a sorrow that will not be alleviated, and cannot be comforted, seems wearing away the channels of life. Tell me not that memory comes back to overflow the soul with grief---that you pour the unavailing tear and heave the bitter sigh! Your religion is a religion of peace you say. Your God is a God of mercy you affirm. Why then these black dreams of horror---can the all merciful and the all good do wrong? Did not justice require the infliction of this awful, dreadful doom? And can you repine at any act that is for God's glory?

O mind---mind! how canst thou be fettered and enslaved? how can thy noble powers be used to make a tyrant of thy God? For this, was it, that a Savior died?---to bind the soul in shackles, and drive us to madness and despair? O man, man; does not thy cheek burn with shame, that any can preach a hell to fill their coffers? That the heralds of the cross can scatter mildew upon the holiest joys of earth, for the sake of mammon! and yet we are told their God is love. What loves and does not preserve and bless? The untamed lion loves her whelps---the pathless desert ringing with appaling echoes attests her rage at bereavement. The grisly bear, the cruel tiger, and the foul hyena love their own, with an affection that danger nor death cannot diminish. The untutored savage as he roams the howling wilderness in search of prey---would he do this were it not for those he loves? Christians and Pagans love their own—but the Christian's and the pagan's God is cruel! The hawk loves the trembling dove—the wolf loves the tender lamb—the crocodile loves—the anaconda loves—but does your God love in this manner?

How long shall it be unto the end of these wonders? When shall the noxious vapours that have settled upon the book of life, be dispelled by the bright beaming of the son of righteousness? When shall we see and know, that the thankless and the just, are fed by the unpurchased bounty of a common benefactor? When will the spirit cease to shrink at the thought of its final disenthralment? When will men have a strong and living faith in the strength of an everlasting arm?

* * * * * * *

Why do we mourn when the beautiful and the good, are called to return to their father's house, before a shadow hath passed over their cloudless sky, while the well-spring of gladness is at the full; ere the freshness of youth had been sullied, or the dark stream of crime had risen in the mountains of sin? O weep not for the early dead; rather mourn the victims that ruin revels on; weep for those whose spirits seem withering in cold and comfortless sorrow. It is better far to rest within the narrow cell of silence, than to live with tears of guilt and shame, and grief; a barren weed, shunned as a plague spot. "There is a gloomier grave than that of death."

Should we mourn the aged? Should we be sad to see the "shock of corn, fully ripe," gathered in? Should we mourn to see the sun, after a day of glory, sinking with his violet banner to repose among the islands of peace? making the earth glorious in his evening declination? Why weep we then, that he who has run his race with joy, is called to rest when his weak hand becomes palsied, and his eye becomes dim? Weep for ourselves? Who would live always? Would not immortality on earth, be a melancholy gift?

"Our fathers, where are they?" They sleep, as all must sleep, in the voiceless slumber of the silent dead. Do we start and tremble that we are doomed to follow? Are we grieved to think that we must leave this glad earth, and its familiar glories; its clouds and streams; its leaves and flowers? Are we terrified that the nooseless foot of time is hastening on his way, with shadowy wings, to sweep us from the haunts of men? Are we disquieted that the waters which break upon the shore without sound, seem rising drear and dark around us? Do we tremble and shrink at the touch of that cold hand which wipes away all our tears? Do we start back affrighted to look upon the "pulseless sepulchre?" Hope bids us look beyond earth's shadows, and the grave's silence; faith points across the dark wave to the quiet of the spirit land; to scenes of boundless bliss in the paradise of God. How cruel must be that hand that can rob us of this support! How unfeeling must he be, who sows in our bosoms seeds of distrust and doubt, respecting our future welfare, and leads us to despair of God's unchanging mercy! Take away the hope of a happy hereafter, and the world is a dreary blank.

To those who believe that we shall have the same kind Father in another world, that we have in this; that he was good when he made us, good when he calls us hence, good yesterday, to-day, and for-ever, death has no terrors; it comes in the garb of a friend to end our toils, and exempt us from perplexity. To those who rely upon the promises of God, that "As in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive;" death comes as a deliverer, to burst our shackles, and to break our bands.

Death is but the beginning of life; should we then afflict ourselves respecting an event that ends our troubles and begins our joys? We were not afraid to be born, and why should we fear to die? God never calls until the mansion is prepared. "We know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Faint not then, thou weary mariner, although thou art tempest-tost upon the billows of death, in a moonless midnight of wrath and peril; shrink not, even should despair sit upon the shrouds; though clouds dense and dark, have shut out the trembling light, a pilot's at the helm, whose voice can hush the howling storm to rest; his arm is salvation, his voice, peace. Your Maker and owner has said, "I will NEVER leave thee, nor forsake thee."

The death of friends is an affliction, a deprivation to which the mind becomes but slowly reconciled. But it is only when we mourn the loved and lost as those who have no hope, that we feel the full force of that sickening sorrow which hangs so heavily upon the heart, as though it would press us down to the narrow dwelling that opens at our feet. There is an indescribable sensation of nameless horror, when for the last time we gaze upon features so pale, so altered, and so cold. When we stand by and hear the clods tumbling upon the coffin, oh! how fearful is the foreboding that here we part for ever; here must end the feelings and affections to which we have so fondly clung; that the sympathies and kindnesses of which we have so long partaken, are here to terminate! Oh! how insupportable is the agony of such a state. If I am not allowed to cluster around me in the regions of the blessed, those tender images that are engraved upon the soul; if there is to be a separation among the family of the Most High; then let me sleep that dreamless slumber that knows no waking. Welcome a green grave, and everlasting forgetfulness.

But there is a light dawning amidst all this darkness; it shines when other lights grow dim; to guide and to save, never to destroy or allure. It is the light of a Father's unchanging love. It is the blessed tidings of deliverance to those who through fear of death, have been all their lifetime subject to bondage. It is the precious promise of heaven—it says, let not your hearts be troubled; take no anxious thoughts for the morrow, for "NONE of us liveth to himself, and NO MAN dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we LIVE, therefore, or DIE, WE ARE THE Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and revived, that he might be Lord (owner) both of THE DEAD and living," (all mankind.) Rom. xiv. 7—9.

Here is unfailing comfort, and undying hope—here are crowns that never crumble, for they are crowns of life: here are laurels that never fade, for they grow in an unpolluted clime. The fires in the temple of truth can never go out; their incense ever burns; the doors have been opened, never to be closed. We read upon the walls in burning letters of golden light an answer to the question where is he? The response is heard, and seen, and felt, "the dust returns to earth as it was, the spirit to God that gave it."

New-Haven Examiner.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

If we profess to be Christians and have not *charity*, (or love) we deceive ourselves, and stand reprimanded by our Lord and Master, who is the great pattern for us to follow; and whose spirit we should strive unceasingly to imbibe—or if our charity extends only to those whose sentiments correspond exactly with ours, we are wanting in one of the brightest and most lovely characteristics that adorns the Christian profession. We are divinely commanded to love our enemies as well as friends; for if we love our friends only, we do no more than the worst of men. And how, permit me to ask, shall he who openly professes to be the disciple of the "meek and lowly Jesus," be distinguished as such, if he be destitute of this spirit? Had the divine Redeemer confined his kind offices of charity and mercy to those only who were his professed friends, what would have been the condition of the afflicted and oppressed who surrounded him for relief? Would, think you, the ears of the deaf been unstopped, or the eyes of the blind opened—the sick made whole, and the dead brought to life? His friends were few, but his enemies many; nevertheless his kind benevolence was bestowed on all without distinction; he displayed in the most striking manner, the universal love of his heavenly Father, who "maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust." And if we profess to be his followers we must imitate him. "Let that spirit be in you, which was in Christ Jesus."

The very design of his teachings was to imbue mankind with the spirit of disinterested benevolence, that it might be extended to foes as well as friends; he displayed to the multitude this spirit of philanthropy. He "went about doing good;" the condition of his most inveterate enemies was alleviated. Go then ye who bear the name of his disciples and "do likewise." And if we believe others to be in error, and those errors to be dangerous, what better way can be pointed out, to win them to the "truth as it is in Jesus," than to move in the full strength of this heaven-born spirit and bestow upon them offices of charity and mercy.

But how often do we behold in our intercourse with each other, a limited and narrow contracted spirit, that seems unwilling to do good to any but those whom we consider our friends; the exclusive language of which seems tacitly to say, "stand off, for I am holier than *thou*."—All their sympathy seems to be extinguished when they are called upon to alleviate the condition of those who may differ from them, and whom they consider their enemies. But these things ought not so to be, and in whatever bosom this unkind and earthly spirit does exist, it is a destroyer of human happiness, and tells in the plainest language that we love our friends better than our Master. Let us then shun this evil, this unholy spirit; let it not enter our breast to destroy our happiness; but rather if we would aid the progress of true religion, let us give room to those more noble and heavenly principles, that prompt us to do good to all mankind—*Independent Messenger.*

UNIVERSALIST STATISTICS FOR THE LAST HALF OF A. D. 1833.

Preachers added to the connexion.

New-Hampshire—A. L. Balch, H. Knapp, S. A. Davis, and J. V. Willson. 4

[The above brethren received fellowship of the New-Hampshire Convention, in June, but not being included the first half year, are inserted here.]

Ohio—M. L. Wisner, Edson Beals. 2
Pennsylvania—Ezra Long. 1
Vermont—Benjamin Paige, Otis Warner. 2
New-York—Linus Paine, E. D. Kennicott. 2

[To these might be added, E. M. Wooley, Jacob Whitney, W. E. Manley, L. C. Brown, and others, all approved laborers, but not yet *formally* in fellowship.]

Massachusetts—I. Harriman, jr. M. Ballou. 2

Total gain of preachers in six months 13

Meeting-Houses Dedicated.

Massachusetts—Orleans, Spencer, Sippican, West Scituate, Lunenburg. 5
New-York—Covington, Perry, East Bloomfield, Alexander, Virgil, (part owned,) Fort Plain, Burrville, (part owned.) 7
Connecticut—Danbury. 1
Maine—Dover, (part owned.) 1
New-Hampshire—Wendall, (part owned.) 1

Total of meeting-houses in six months. 15

Societies Organized.

Maine—Cherryfield, Augusta, Gardiner, Pownal, Westbrook, South Berwick, Williamsburg, Sebec, Sullivan. 9
New-York—Mount Pleasant, Charlton, Schenectady, third in (city) New-York, Homer, Onondaga, Independence, New-Fane, Fairport, Starkey, Chautauque, Carroll. 12
New-Hampshire—Hinsdale, Concord, Grafton. 3
Vermont—Charleston. 1
Connecticut—New-London, Barkhamstead. 2
Pennsylvania—Erie, Oil Creek. 2
Massachusetts—Provincetown, (came over from the Unitarians,) Haverhill. 2

Total gain of societies in six months. 31

Conventions and Associations Organized.

United Sates' Convention. 1
New-York—Otsego and Erie Associations. 2
Ohio—Washington or Ohio Association. 1

Total gain of Conventions and Associations. 4

[To these might be added the *proposed* Associations, Chautauque in New-York, and the Susquehannah in Pennsylvania, as they have already been set off, but not organized.]

Recapitulation,

Increase in six months—	Preachers,	13
	Meeting-houses,	15
	Societies,	31
	Associations, &c.	4
Add to this the gain of the first half of the year 1833,	Preachers,	29
	Meeting-houses,	13
	Societies,	36
	Associations, &c.	3

And it gives us the full increase of 1833, forty-two preachers, twenty-eight meeting-houses, sixty-seven societies, two Conventions, and five Associations. But it is almost certain that many cases of addition, particularly in societies, have never been published—or, if published, have never met the eye, or retained their place in the memory. Correspondents should be more careful to report, and Editors to publish notices of the various additions made to our order from time to time. The latter, also, should be more careful to copy into their papers such notices first published in other journals. In this way it might, peradventure, be made known to the indolent Goliahs of partialism that we are not dying away, but actually and rapidly increasing—and that soon we will be equal in numbers toany denomination of the land, unless they exert their might of learning and talents in putting down Universalism—and I much doubt whether even that course will benefit the sinking cause of Partialism.

Editorial brethren, and others, are requested to publish such corrections of the above as may be necessary to its correctness and truth.

Clinton, February, 1834. S. R. S.

Magazine and Advocate.

THE CONVERT'S EXPERIENCE.

From early life I had been acquainted with Loiza M——. She was an amiable, interesting companion; a young woman of good mind, which had been well cultivated by the hand of education. She was an only child, and was brought up in tenderness by her parents. Her mother was a member of a partialist church, and felt much anxiety for her future welfare.—That nothing might be wanting on her part to save her daughter from impending ruin, Mrs. M. used frequently to introduce to Loiza's no-

tice, the subject of religion. But the views of God, which were presented to Loiza's mind, were dark and appalling. Tho' she feared she could not love; and she shrunk from the contemplation of his character. Such were the descriptions given, and the requirements enjoined, that she could not choose the christian's path—to her it seemed rugged and difficult. And when her mother spake of the joys of heaven and the great difficulty in arriving there, she would wonder who could be saved.

I was obliged to leave the village of H. where Loiza resided, at the time she was 18 years of age. The summer following, a revival was "got up" in that place, and a friend wrote me, that Loiza was among the converts.

Four years after my departure. I proposed to return to the pleasant town of H——. I anticipated much pleasure from the society of my former associates, and felt an ardent desire to see Loiza. An unpleasant sensation came over me when I reflected upon her situation and feelings. I had seen many who had drank of the waters of condemnation; and found as characteristic of them all, a settled reserve,—a moroseness of disposition, and an estrangement from those winning graces so peculiar to youthful innocence and intelligence. And such I pictured, would be the character and conduct of Loiza.

My anxiety to learn the history of my early friend, was so great, that as soon as civility would permit, I enquired after Loiza and, used as an apology, that I had learned, that four years before, she made a profession of partialism.

My friends informed me that she was married to the friend of her early choice; and resided but a short distance from them; that she did join the presbyterian church, but her opinions were changed, and both herself and husband were zealous members of the Universalist church in that place.

My surprise was great, and my joy unbounded. News so unexpected—so cheering, was like cold water to the thirsty soul. On the morrow I prepared to visit her, and easily found her dwelling. Loiza had heard of my arrival, and soon answered my summons, and bade me welcome to her fireside. There was a heavenly serenity in her countenance; and a placid smile that spoke the feelings of heart. I inquired for her welfare, spake of the change in her views, and requested her to favor me with the reasons that induced her to change her religious faith. She readily complied, and I give the reader her experience in her own words.

"The summer after you left our village, was one of continual religious excitement. It affected all classes. My companions and associates were all hastening to the anxious seats, and inviting me not to remain alone and sink to hell. Their warnings and exhortations produced sensations which I cannot describe, and I consented to attend the protracted meeting, and if possible to obtain religion. The preaching was of a terrific nature, calculated to inspire terror and awaken all the fears of the human heart.—My friends urged me; the minister entreated; my mother advised—at last I took a seat with the anxious. Many and fervent were the prayers offered me; and while others prayed, I wept. But no mortal can know what I endured. At meeting, I was miserable; at home I was wretched. My slumbers were disturbed, and my days passed in misery and dread. I could not feel what others said they felt; and without this, I was told I must be lost, forever lost!—Often have I prayed that God would close my eyes in death, for I had rather be summoned to the realities of the future, than be so long in suspense.

"But the darkest clouds will give place to a milder sky, and the most violent storm will spend itself, and be succeded by a calm; so the human mind will, after a depression, restore itself to its accustomed level, and my mind became in a measure calm and tranquil. This was observed by my friends, and I was told that this was conversion, that I had now got religion and must immediately join the church. I hesitated! I felt different, it was true; but this could be accounted for without a supernatural agency. Our minister used his influence to induce me to join his church—he pronounced my conversion genuine, and pointed the danger of falling into the world, and being lost forever.—Prompted by these considerations, I joined the church.

"But I was never happy! There was an awful uncertainty in all that I believed; the most worthy of men in danger of damnation, and what could others expect? I was afraid that I had deceived myself, my neighbors, and my God! And if I had not, there was only a chance of salvation; the event was doubtful; the danger certain.

'About this time I gave myself to George T. and we were married. He was not a member of the church, though he was not opposed to its creed and was very regular in his attendance on public worship, and we might have lived happily, had my mind been settled on the subject of religion.

"One year after our marriage, I received some news which stung me to the very soul. If I had been told that my George had become a drunkard or a robber, I could not have felt worse. I heard that he had become a confirmed Universalist, and had united himself with the Universalist society in this place. I then thought my cup of misery was full; and in secret I gave vent to my tears. My imagination sketched before me the future condition and character of my husband. I thought all other vices would follow after the reception of such a doctrine, and concluded that in a few years, our property would be gone, and that I should mourn over the treatment I should receive from an intemperate husband. When George came home, I told him what I had heard, and asked him if it was true. He told me that what I had heard was strictly correct; that his mind had long been made up, but he had said nothing to me because he knew that I was very much opposed to the doctrine. I said considerable to him, and uttered sentiments which should never drop from the lips of a wife. My husband's feelings were much wounded, yet he reproached me not, but arose and left the room. As soon as he was gone, my sorrow was great; I had wounded the feelings of one of the kindest of husbands; and I vowed with myself to do so no more: but while I resisted his opinions, I would allow him the quiet enjoyment of them.

"Soon after this, I was called to part with my father, who though a Presbyterian, did not belong to the church. Our minister alluded to the circumstance at the funeral, and said that he knew of no salvation for those who were beyond the pale of the church. Such words were like mildew to my heart; I knew that if my father was lost, there was no hope for me: and I nearly gave myself up to despair. This sermon shortened the days of my mother, for she was never well afterwards, and in four weeks from the day my father was buried, my mother died, and I knew what it was to be an orphan.

"Our minister being absent, I complied with the request of my husband, and the Rev. M. B. the Universalist Clergyman, was invited to attend the funeral. I had never seen him, and his very name filled me with dread. When he came to the funeral, he spoke in a tender consoling manner; in a manner very different from what I had expected. From our attachment to our parents, he taught us to learn the love of God; he presented the character of the Savior in a glorious light; we saw him at the tomb of Lazarus, with the weeping sisters; we saw him bringing to life the widow's son; and going about doing good; and in short, Mr. B. poured into my mind such consolation as I had never known before.

"Agreeably to the custom of our village, I attended Mr. B.'s church the next sabbath, to hear the funeral sermon. I went without prejudice, resolved to get all the good I could. In a fair, candid manner he proceeded; his words were clothed with solemnity, and when he closed, I could have responded 'it is truth.'

"Though I was pleased with this sermon, I had not the most distant idea of being a Universalist. I had many strong, and to me insurmountable objections to the doctrine; at my request, Mr. B. was invited to our house. I laid before him my objections, and was astonished to see with what ease he removed them, and strengthened his opinions by an appeal to the Bible. The next Sunday found me in Mr. B's congregation; and the next sunday, and the next, and after listening to his sermons on the extent of salvation, and the evidences that it would be enjoyed by all the family of Adam, I could no longer doubt; I was happy!!

"When I left the house convinced that God was the Savior of all men, all nature seemed changed: the heavens seemed to beam with gladness, and the earth to rejoice: the cattle upon the hills; the lambs skipping from pasture to pasture seemed to say, "God is love."

"I entered my dwelling, every thing was changed; all was new; my Bible was no longer that dark, that sealed book: light beamed from its pages, and glory from its words. I read the promises with delight, and wondered that I had so long remained ignorant of them. I turned my Bible over, and I found salvation, salvation, inscribed on its pages; and with confidence I took the cup of salvation, and shouted —"I know that my redeemer liveth."'—*Universalist.*

MARCH.

'The stormy March has come at last
With winds and clouds, and changing skies!'

With joy we hail the first month of Spring, as it comes heralding bland zephyrs and mellow skies. True, old Winter yet lingers among us, and, as loth to depart, turns upon us a furious gust of his breath while retreating. But hark! —the rivulet is released from the hill, and it leaps down over the precipices with a gigantic power, shouting and exulting in its pathway.—The transparent icicles which were lined along the edge of the overhanging rocks in the mountain glen, become dissolved, and dash away on the crags below—the tall trees, whose summits have been clad with sleet, are relieved, and grow moist beneath the warmer beams of the sun. Life just begins to be visible in the vegetable world, for the opening of Spring has breathed upon it, and, like the torpid serpent, it is warmed into existence.

There seems as much bustle and confusion, when earth resumes her vegetable labor, as is exhibited in the most important transactions of kingdoms. The first Spring bird strains his throat with the wildest melody—the squirrel hurries up the shagged tree with a lightning-like velocity, and the vast flocks of ravens that darken the air, croak and babble in the most comical confusion. The grass turns green, and the blue flower is seen to peep forth in some warm chasm in the mountain.

It is thus we think of March.—Although its breath is often chilly, yet we love it, for we know that the gentler months are not far away. It comes not either with the beauty of May or the blusterings of January, but it is the connecting link between Winter and Spring, and draws its loveliness from the prominent features of both.—*Rural Repository.*

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1834.

☞ A lecture may be expected at the Callowhill St. Universalist church every Wednesday evening commencing at 7 o'clock.

DOCTRINAL HYMNS.

In our last number, some account was given of a Hymn Book, published in Philadelphia by order of the Convention of 1791. At the suggestion of several friends, I have concluded to transcribe the following hymns for publication. It will be perceived that they are of a character chiefly doctrinal—and consequently not well adapted to devotional exercises. The sentiment, however, is so pointed, and the expressions so apt that they are deemed worthy a place in our columns. SILAS BALLOU was the author—but where he resided I do not know.

The following is stated to have been designed 'for the meditation of those who say, that if they believed that God would save all men, they would go on and do all the evil they could.'

To you that make a shameful brawl,
Saying, 'If I believed so,
That Jesus Christ will save us all,
My feet should swift to evil go.'

Does faith entice a man to sin?
Does love create an evil mind?
Does purity make him unclean?
Or charity make him unkind?

It never did, nor never shall,
For well I know it never can,
And you may read the Scriptures all,
And every page denies the plan.

Tis faith that makes him cease from sin,
Tis love that makes a quiet mind,
Tis purity that makes him clean,
And charity that makes him kind.

And he that doth true faith possess,
All these his heart doth entertain;
Therefore thy words are foolishness,
And all such arguments are vain.

On the Union of Christ and the Church, we have the following;

Christ and his church so closely join,
No seperation can be made;
In matchless union they combine,
Firm as a body joins a head.

If seperation there was made,
In truth I boldly testify,
To part the body from the head,
The head and body both must die.

To part one member from the head.
Then Christ imperfect wonld be found;
The sep'rate member lost and dead,
And Christ must bear the loss and wound.

Christ is the head of every one,
To whom his members fitly join;
Not all the pow'rs beneath the sun,
Can break a union so divine.

Therefore this union is secure,
As long as *Jesus* stands complete;
To endless ages he'll endure,
A perfect man from head to feet.

The following verses are part of a hymn predicated on 1 Thess. v, 9.

Not unto wrath did God ordain,
The soul of any one;
Not unto wrath, but to obtain
Salvation through his Son.

If this is what he first designed,
He still desires the plan;
For nothing ever changed his mind,
And there is nothing can.

If he's a God that changes not.
Then we are all secure;
If none can change his ancient thought,
We have salvation sure.

In arguing salvation by *grace alone*, the author writes as follows:

Did not salvation stand by grace,
O what a raging boast
Would rise among the human race,
In which had done the most!

And the hymn is concluded by the following lines—

But O! by grace salvation stands,
Through God the Holy Ghost;
And not by works of mortal hands,
Lest any man should boast.

The ensuing stanzas are a part of a hymn predicated on 1 Tim. i, 15, Matt. ix, 12, etc.

Alas! why should I be
So vain as to condemn
The vilest sinners that I see,
Since I am one of *them*.

For such the Son of God,
For such was crucified,
For such alone he spilt his blood,
For none but such he died.

This is a faithful word,
Worthy of our belief,
'For sinners died the blessed Lord,
Of whom I now am chief.'

Could every creature see
Himself the chiefest, then
There would not be one Pharisee
Amongst the sons of men.

I hate the words, 'stand by,
And come not nigh me now,
Thou art a publican, and I
Am holier than thou.'

How apt we mortals are,
To count ourselves the best;
This tempts the simple to despair,
And breaks their present rest.

I shall add but one more hymn—or rather a part of it.

If there was *not* a Christ for me,
Till I *believed* in such a name,
Then my belief must surely be
The sole creator of the Lamb.

But if there *was* a Christ for me,
Ere I believed in such a name,
Then faith *creates* him not, I see,
But gives me *knoweldge* of the same.

If there was not a Christ for *you*,
O man! till your believing hour,
Then your belief hath made that true,
Which was untrue, or false before.

The sum of the above argument, used by a young lady, was what first gave a proper impulse and direction to the thinking faculties of John Murray.—The author of the foregoing hymns, was certainly very successful in his attempt to 'weave' the argument into rhyme. A. C. T.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I have requested P. Price, publisher and proprietor of the "Messenger and Universalist," to procure a copy-right of the following *Questions, Answers*, and *Rejoinders*. My object in so doing is not to prevent the circulation of the controversy in relation to the Questions, (as will presently appear) but to prevent a *one-sided* representation of the matter. Experience and observation have taught us, that there are men in charge of many of the religious papers of the day, who are determined that nothing like a fair investigation of the claims of Universalism shall be laid before their readers. The New York Methodist '*Advocate* and Journal' furnishes a case in point. Both sides of the controversy between Messrs. Pitt Morse and Luther Lee are published in the Utica (Universalist) Magazine, while the (Methodist) Advocate and Journal publishes only the letters of Mr. Lee. This is not only unjust, but it is ungenerous.

In order to prevent any thing of this kind in relation to the Questions, Answers, and Rejoinders, the copy-right has been secured. We positively forbid a partial republication, on penalty of the law, while we hereby grant the privilege of republication through papers to any one who will insert the controversy entire.

I cheerfully ackowledge that I am indebted to Alexander Campbell for the hint by which the above method of obtaining justice from our contemporaries was suggested. A. C. T.

[For the Messenger and Universalist.]

To A. C. Thomas.

DEAR SIR---In answering your Questions I have endeavored to be as brief and concise, as the nature of them would possibly admit. On this account, my meaning may be, in many instances, obscure. Having had no friend to whom I could read these answers over before I sent them to the press, you may find in them many errors in composition. The discovery of truth has been my chief object. I have tried to meet your Questions fairly, and look them fully in the face. I think they are answered, but of this the public must judge.

I remain, yours respectfully,
D. DE VINNE.

Mount Pleasant, N. Y. Jan. 13, 1834.

[*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year* 1834, *by* P. PRICE, *in the Clerks Office of the Southern District of New-York.*]

ANSWERS
TO
"213 *Questions* without *Answers*,"
By D. De Vinne,
WITH REJOINDERS,
By A. C. Thomas.

A SHORT SERMON.—1 Peter iii, 15.

1s. Be READY to give an answer—be *prepared*.—2d. Be ready ALWAYS—do not *put off* a question. 3d. Be ready always to give an ANSWER—*evasion* excites suspicion. 4th. Give an answer to EVERY ONE that asketh you. A REASON is asked for—not an *assertion*. 6th. The answer should be "a reason of the HOPE [and not of the *fear*] that is in you." 7th. The question is to be answered, (not in a *passion*, but) with MEEKNESS toward man, and FILIAL FEAR toward God.

1 As we are required to love our enemies, may we not safely infer that God loves *His* enemies?

Answer. Yes, for "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, [or, as it is in verse 10, enemies], Christ died for us." Rom. v, 8.

Rejoinder. Correctly answered. The standard of moral rectitude must be sought in the character and conduct of the Deity. We are required to be 'followers (or imitators) of God as dear children.' Eph. v, 1. If he hates *his* enemies, we should hate *our* enmies---but as *he* loves *his* enemies, we are called upon to love our enemies, to do good to those who hate us, etc. Matt. v, 44, 45.

2. If God loves His enemies, will he punish them more than will be for their good?

A. No, God will not inflict a greater punishment on sin, than will be for the good of all his intelligent creatures, taking them as a whole in the aggregate. To be understood, we must state the whole case---thus: 1. God gave man an existence that he might be happy. And that he might enjoy this in the highest degree, God made him a *free moral agent*, capable of choice and endowed with various powers and affections. 2. This free agent was designed to render a *willing* service, not a forced one; consequently external or physical force could have no place in the government of such a creature as this. Motives and *only motives*, that is, rational inducements, operating through his judgment and affections, *could* be applied to induce his obedience. 3. This creature, in the exercise of his free agency, *might do* wrong by acting contrary to the will of his Maker, and bring on himself wretch-

odness and misery. 4. The love of God, which is ever active in the diffusion of happiness, took the most effectual means to secure his happiness and prevent his misery, by laying before him motives to obedience and dissuasives from sin. These were,

1. The publication of the will or law of God, the obedience of which *could only* perpetuate his happiness.

2. The promise of the continuance of a happy life, and the exaltation afterwards to a higher state of enjoyment.

3. The warning of the misery which must naturally and necessarily follow the violation of God's law. And,

4. The penalty of eternal death. Now, if nothing but this last most tremendous penalty could deter the whole race from sin, and consequent misery, would not the goodness of God even affix that, as the most effectual means to guard them against it? We see, in this world, that even the fear of this awful penalty does not restrain all from sin and certainly a lesser one, would be far less efficacious. In the government of Free Agents in a state of probation, there seems to be only a choice between two alternatives, the possibility of the universal disobedience of all, and their consequent misery which would follow their sin; or, the preservation of some, perhaps the greatest part, though the impenitent remainder should suffer, not only the natural consequence of sin, but in addition to that the positive penalty of death.

We will illustrate: Does the state of New-York in her prisons, inflict a greater punishment for stealing and other offences, than is for the good and well being of her citizens? We say for all her citizens not for the criminals who are confined there, but for the good and well being of the whole state. The general reply to this is, no. Her laws, penalties and the certain execution of them, are absolutely necessary to secure the greatest amount of happiness. Were our state, through mistaken views of mercy, to lessen punishment, or do away prisons altogether; for the purpose of diminishing the amount of suffering, would she by this accomplish her purpose? No; so far from it she would actually increase it a thousand fold. For when penalties were removed, the laws would be of no effect, and in that case the lives, property and dearest rights of every one would be jeopardized, and the whole fabric of civil society would be dissolved into the wildest anarchy and confusion. From which it is evident, that in the present state of things, our prisons are actually the most efficient means of preserving the greatest amount of happiness in the state.

Now, dear reader, all this reasoning will apply to the government of God. And hell itself, is only the great State Prison of the Almighty; the punishment of which, is intended to deter Free Agents from the commission of those sins which must necessarily make them miserable, and to induce them to that obedience by which their happiness can only be secured. And although the wicked, the incorrigible, the finally impenitent *will not profit* by these means which were intended for their good yet *others will* profit by them; so that in a world of probationary free agents penalties and punishment are for the good of the whole and do actually bring about a greater amount of happiness to the whole race of such creatures, than if none had been threatened or inflicted. And now all this being considered, We answer your Question and say, that in our estimation, even the infliction of eternal punishment on the finally impenitent, is not more than is for the good of the whole human race.

Rej. The foregoing Answer is obviously an attempt at evasion. The Question is, 'If God *loves* his enemies, will he punish them more than will be for THEIR good?' that is, more than will be for *their own* good. All that the respondent has said about Deity punishing his enemies for *the good of the whole*, is nothing to the purpose. And for this reason I am sorry that Br D., in the course of his Answers, has so repeatedly referred to his Answer to Question 2. This attempt at evasion (for I can call it nothing else) is however, a tacit admission, that a direct answer must have been a *deeided negative*. Love cannot injure its objects, and the respondent has granted that God love his enemies. It follows unavoidably, that he will not punish them more than will be for their good.

I would be justified were I to say no more on this item—but as Br. D., in so frequently referring to what he has written in reply to Q. 2, seems to place much dependance thereon, I shall notice a few of his remarks.

The Bible does not say that God punishes the sinner for the good of the saint—nor that he punishes one sinner for the good of another sinner—nor that he punishes a part for the good of the whole. God loves his enemies—and 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' For what purpose? 'For the good of the whole,' says Br. D. But Paul writes as follows: 'For they [that is, our fathers according to the flesh] verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he [the Lord] for OUR PROFIT, [that is, for the profit of those who were chastened] that we might be partakers of his holiness. [Not having previously been partakers of his holiness, they must have been sinners, enemies.] Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness—[to whom? 'to the whole, in the aggregate'? no, but] *to them who are exercised thereby.* Heb. xii, 10, 11. God, then, will not punish his enemies more than will be for *their own* good.

All that Br. D. says about the 'penalty of eternal death' has no foundation in the Bible. He argues that, as 'even the fear of this awful penalty does not restrain all from sin, certainly a lesser one would be far less efficacious.' This does not follow. The Marquis Becaria, himself a believer in endless punishment, says, 'Crimes are more effectually prevented by the *certainty* than the *severity* of punishment. . . . . The certainty of a small punishment will make a stronger impression than the fear of one more severe, if attended with the hope of escaping. . . . . Men regulate their conduct by the repeated impression of evils they know, and not by those with which they are unacquainted. . . . . The moitves which religion opposes to the fear of impending evil and the love of life, are too weak, as they are too distant, to make any impression on the senses.' The justice of these remarks will be admitted by every dispassionate observer of the conduct of mankind. The *certainty* of being immediately sentenced to one year's solitary imprisonment, as the penalty incurred by the commission of a specified offence, would excite a stronger restraining influence on the minds of men, than would the fear of a dozen hells, when connected with the hopes of an escape. Present and immediate consequences have always exerted, and always will exert, more influence on human volition, than *future* consequences, however alluring on the one hand, and however appalling on the other.

Br. D. *assumes* that this life is simply a state of *probation*, and not of *retribution*. I consider this assumption a virtual contradiction of the testimony of the Bible. 'There is a God who *judgeth in the earth.*' 'I am the Lord, which *exercise* loving-kindness, *judgment*, and righteousness, *in the earth.*' 'Behold the righteous shall be *recompensed in the earth*, much more the wicked and the sinner.' Ps. lviii, 11. Jer. ix, 24. Prov. xi, 31. In short, the uniform testimony of the Scriptures, and all the Lord's dealings with man, go clearly to prove, that the present life is not merely a probationary state—it is a state of retribution.

Br. D's illustration of the prison, as applied to a future life, is downright *Sadduceeism*. The Sadducees of old, in the question proposed to our Lord, proceeded on the assumption that, if there *was* any resurrection, mankind would there be in possession of all the passions and propensities they had upon earth. Jesus said unto them, 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God; for in the resurrection . . . . they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.' Now the Scriptures most unequivocally teach, that 'as in Adam all die. *even so* IN *Christ* shall all be made alive'; and 'if *any man* be *in Christ* he is a *new creature;* old things are passed away; behold all things have become new.' 1 Cor. xv, 22. 2 Cor. v 17. Here we are certified, not that any shall be tormented in 'the great State Prison of the Almighty,' but that all shall be made alive *in* Christ, and thus be *new* creatures. And Paul farther testifies, in reference to the consummation of all things [not that some shall be punished for the good of the whole, but] that GOD shall be ALL IN ALL, 1 Cor. xv;—that it pleased the Father [not to build a prison in which unreconciliation would eternally exist, but] to *reconcile all things* to himself, Col. i, 20—that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father, Phil. ii, 10. In view of this testimony, how can any man feel authorized to speak of 'the finally impenitent and incorrigible?'—about which characters the Bible is entirely silent.

I wish it to be remembered, that Br. D. has not answered the Question. The Question is, 'If God loves his enemies, will he punish them more than will be for THEIR good?' I have examined the Answer, not because I was required so to do, but simply because the respondent might otherwise feel himself neglected.

3. Would endless punishment be for the good of any being?

A. Eternal punishment, which a free agent brings on himself by the abuse of those powers which were intended for his happiness, cannot be *good* to him after he has fallen under its awful penalty, but is certainly to him at that time the greatest possible evil, yet that constitution of divine government which established eternal punishment to deter him from sin, *might* have been for *his good*, had he obeyed its warnings and threatening, and *is actually* for the good of the whole taken in the aggregate.

Rej. The foregoing Answer does not meet the Question. I am sorry to be under the necessity of pointing out this second evasion. I did not ask what *might* have been good for any being—nor did I ask whether endless punishment would be '*actually* for the good of the whole.' Any one who will read the three first questions will perceive, that the first has a bearing on the second, and the second on the third. As God loves his enemies, and as he will not punish them more than will be for *their* good—so it is obvious, that he will not punish them eternally. 'Would endless punishment be for the good of any being?' The question plainly had the *sufferer* in view, and the answer must be in the *negative*—for a punishment that is endless, can be of no possible advantage to the being upon whom it is inflicted.

4. As God loves His *friends*, if He loves his *enemies* also, are not all mankind the objects of His love?

A. Yes, all mankind are certainly the objects his Love, but with this great difference; He loves his friends with a love of complacency, being pleased with their persons and actions; but he only loves his enemies with a love of pity,

regarding their persons, but abhorring their actions.

Rej. Whether the love of God be a love of complacency or of pity, one thing is certain; He has given to *sinful* humanity the strongest possible evidences of his love. 'He spared not his own son.' . . . . 'The *great love* wherewith he loved us, *even when we were dead in sins.*' . . . 'God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, (enemies) Christ died for us.' . . . . 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.' Rom. viii, 32. Eph. ii, 4, 5. Rom. v, 8. 1 John iv, 10. These, and a multitude of similar passages, proclaim the love of God (whether of complacency or pity) to *sinners*, to his *enemies*. What *greater* love could he manifest to his *friends!*

5. If God loves those only who love *Him*, what better is he than the sinner? Luke vi. 32, 33.

A. God loves his enemies, and has manifested it by sending his son to die for them, his spirit to strive with them and his good providence to lead them to repentance. I have now answered this question seriously as I intend to every other one, but at the same time, must enter my protest to such questions as savoring too much of familiarity if not blasphemy to God.

Rej. If there be blasphemy in the Question, it is not chargable to *my* account. Hearken to the language and argument of Jesus of Nazareth: 'Love your enemies . . . . that ye may be the children of of your Father in heaven . . . for if ye love them [only] which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the *publicans* the same?' Matt. v, Luke vi. The disciples were to be *better* than the publicans—and to *be* better, they were to love their enemies.—Why? Simply because *God* loved *his* enemies. And if he did *not*, in what would *his* righteousness differ from the righteousness of the *publican?* This was the *principle* of the Savior's argument, and it is the principle involved in the Question.

YOU MUST DIE! OH! ETERNITY!

Such are the imposing expressions which graced a neat little bit of writing paper, just *one and three fourth's inches* long, by *one* inch wide, and which was found carefully placed under the door of our office, on opening it, a few mornings since. The paper appears to be prepared with considerable care, and the ominous words are *written* on it, evidently by an experienced hand.

It is possible it was penned and placed there by some one who honestly views us only on the downward road to perdition. If so, we sincerely pity him for his apprehensions, while at the same time we applaud him for a benevolence which renders his heart so much better than his creed.

It may be, also, he has supposed we never think of death, or of eternity. If such be the fact, we must bear testimony to his error. We frequently contemplate death, not in dismay and terror, for our Master has taught us that it is the only way by which we can pass to that better inheritance prepared for us in mansions above.

Our reflecting powers, too, are frequently employed on the momentous concerns of eternity, not in the manner probably of our zealous friend and guardian, for in that case we might well sorrow 'as those without hope,' over the inevitable doom of man, but we look forward to it in joyful anticipations as a state of peace and unalloyed bliss—where tears are wiped from *every* eye—where sorrowing and sighing can *never* come, and where we shall meet a ransomed universe, freed from the frailties and imperfections of the present state, 'seeing as they are seen,' and 'knowing even as they are known' and whose delightful employment will be (not bitter imprecations of wrath against the author of their existence, but) the hymning of ceaseless praises to their Father and their God! Why, then should we be sad? Why,

'——— Shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call us to his arms.'

Can the writer desire any better reflections on 'death' and 'eternity,' than such as will produce obedience and resignation to the will of our maker and preserver? Or would he desire the countenance to be cast down, and the heart to be sad? If this should chance to meet his eye, O, let us entreat him rather to 'enter His gates with singing, and His courts with praise,' that he may not only secure *present* peace and happiness, but 'rejoice with joy unspeakable' in prospect of the *future*. P.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

We have once or twice alluded to the course of this paper in relation to the controversy between Rev. L. Lee, and Br. P. Morse, and as allusion is again made to it in another article in the present number, we have thought it best to copy the following from its columns, on the same subject.

[From the Christian Adv. and Journal of March 21.]

'*Universalist Controversy.*---Our readers were apprised last fall that we commenced *both sides* of the controversy between Messrs. Morse and Lee. We should have continued them, but the papers were not sent to us in due time. A wish is expressed that we should bring up this controversy from the point where we left it, and a copy of Mr. Morse's letter of Oct. 21, last, is sent us. It is too late. Our readers would not profit by it after so long a time, and out of place. Besides it contains nearly *ten* columns of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate. This is an insuperable objection. Long articles, as a general rule, are not profitable. At our request, Mr. Lee has reduced his communications very much, the 4th and 5th of which we have received."

In No. 47 of our 2d vol. will be found an article from the Advocate and Journal, in which they partially promise the publication entire. We had hoped they possessed the candor to do it, but by the above it will be seen that they *refuse*, and this on the ground *that the papers were not received by them in due time!* though Br. Skinner of the Utica Magazine, on a previous intimation of this kind, affirmed unequivocally that the numbers of his paper were forwarded at the onset, with a special request for exchange.

But let us see how this statement of the editors of the Advocate and Journal corresponds with other circumstances. By turning to No. 16 of the present vol. of the Messenger and Universalist, page 127, an extract from the Utica Magazine will be found, in which Br. Skinner states that Mr. Lee confessed that he had requested the editors of the Advocate and Journal to *exchange* with the Magazine, and '*they had refused!*' And now, five months after their first notice of the subject, their plea is —'we should have continued them, [that is both sides,] but the papers were not sent to us *in due time!*' coupled with an unequivocal refusal to give Mr. Morse's letters! In the very next column of their paper they are taking the N. Y. Evangelist severely to task for certain arguments on the doctrine of original sin—they could only expect such arguments from Deistical or Universalist writers, &c. Now it strikes us that it would be far more creditable to these editors to render their own conduct a little more consistent—to practice a little more upon the golden rule of him whom they profess to follow, 'do unto others,' &c. before they make too much parade of what they '*expect*' from Universalists. Who can envy their present situation?

As is remarked in the article from the Magazine before alluded to—*it is clear, they dare not give both sides to their readers!* O what a servitude it must be, to cling, with a kind of death grasp, to doctrines which they dare not bring 'to the law and to the testimony.' P.

THE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

It will be perceived that we commence, this week, the publication of the Answers to the 213 Questions, to which we alluded a few weeks since. Owing to other engagements on the part of Br. Thomas, their publication has been delayed longer than was anticipated. The copy right, it will be observed, is secured. As Br. T. remarks on this particular, this measure has not been taken to prevent the circulation of the controversy, but to secure justice in the case. We cheerfully give full liberty for its publication and most extended circulation, (entire) through any and all papers of our own order, or those opposed to us.

Br. DeV. thinks the Questions are answered.—Whether this be the fact or not, as he very justly observes, the public must judge. There has been much interest on the subject of the Questions, and we are perfectly willing and anxious the public should have the opposing views, so be that they have the whole matter in connexion.

Though we have once published the Questions, we shall doubtless be excused for giving them again here, that the reader may have the whole subject fairly before him. We shall continue them from week to week, until they are completed, devoting as much space as we can well spare, that they may be brought into as few Nos. as possible.

We shall print an extra quantity of the numbers containing it for the accommodation of those who are not regular subscribers. P.

☞ By a recurrence to the terms of this paper, first column of the first page, it will be seen that there is an advance of 50 cents, if the subscription is not paid within *six months*. This is worth saving to the subscriber. Four weeks only now remain for each one in arrear for this volume to avail themselves of these terms. Much as we want money at this time, we shall be content with the advance price ($2) if it is attended to promptly within the time. Fifty cents will be a good interest to the subscriber. Many no doubt can make returns by merchants who will be visiting the city, and others can remit through their respective Post Masters. Will those interested attend to this?

☞ It will be seen by a notice under the head of Religious Notices that a Conference will take place in Branchville, in the early part of May. Br. Rodgers especially desires all ministering brethren to be present who can possibly make it convenient.

☞ Br. Saddler's letter and enclosure came safe. The bundle he speaks of, is at this office.

☞ By a New-Orleans paper just received, we perceive that Br. Andrews was to preach in the first Congregational Church, in that city, on the 21st ult.

☞ The eloquent Sermon on our first page, by Br. T. Fisk, will re-pay an attentive perusal.

An Adjourned Meeting

Of the Second Universalist Society will be held at the Lecture Room of the Orchard-st. Church on Monday evening next, at half past 7 o'clock.

Religious Notices.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Longridge Sunday 30th, and at North-Stamford the same evening; Darien Monday evening 31, and at Rye, Tuesday April 1st. At Weston, Sunday, April 6.

Br. John Gregory, will preach at Rondout Thursday evening, April 10th, and on Sunday 13th.

Conference.—A conference of Universalists will be holden at Branchville, N. J. on the first Saturday and Sunday in May next. Ministering brethren are particularly invited to attend.

GEORGE RODGERS.

[FOR THE MESSENGER AND UNIVERSALIST.]

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

A Fragment.

'Twas evening. Called by a sense of duty
Towards the dying; expecting soon to see
Broken the 'golden bowl'—life's chord unstrung—
I left my home, my dear paternal home,
And to the house of Death, alone, repaired.

Around their darling son, bemoaning stood
His parents dear. A father's heart with grief
Was filled--a mother's eye with bitter tears.
Sisters, whose image kindred love around
His heart had twined, stood weeping by his side;
And friends and neighbors laid at heart the scene.
Silently I drew near the bed of death.
* * * * * * * * *

He, on whom death had laid his icy hand,
Was friend of *mine*. Life's bright beauteous morn,
With us was passed in friendship sweet Nothing
That friendship ever blighted or disturbed.
He was virtue's bright example. Love, joy,
And peace his bosom filled. A mind within,
His manly brow bespoke. Benevolence
His soul had fired with love to man,
With praise—'sweet incense from the altar of the heart,'
Praise to God—His heart gratitude had filled.
Great were his hopes; immortal! Christ the Rock
On which his hopes were built. Not the narrow
Selfish hopes of those who, looking falsely
To the throne of God, see in him the vile
And carnal passions of the human heart,
And judge of Him, from what they see in man,
And say, 'hatred exists' where all is love.
He hoped to meet a bless'd and ransom'd world
In yon cloudless sky, near the throne of God,
To chant loud pæans of eternal praise,
And bow in sweet submission to his God.
All earthly hopes to him were nothing, when
Compared to this. His *Bible* he had read—
The word of God. *He* read to learn the *truth*,
The truth he found—impressed it on his heart,
Nor disobeyed its voice. He learned that God
Had sent his son on earth to die for man,
And gain a victory *complete* o'er Death.
He learned that God was Love, *unbounded* love,
The same 'forever, yesterday, to day,'
Nor doubted once his father's grace to save.
* * * * * * * * *

He turned his eye on me—A look of joy
Bespoke an angel's peace. Reason and faith
Brav'd e'en the darts of *Death*, and feared him not.
'*Heaven is mine!*' said he, '*Glorious peace!*
Jesus taugh me in his word, 'to live is Christ,
To die is gain!' Love, universal love,
My Father's bosom fills. O happy time,
Hastening fast, when Christ all tears shall dry,
And give his ransom'd kingdom up to God!'

Life's lamp burnt low, while thus he spoke,
With faltering voice:—'Oh grave! oh death!—
Both are destroyed, and man immortal lives,
And homage pays to God, and owns him his!'
Then rose his spirit, and, unfettered, flew
On angels wings, bidding farewell to earth,
And all its fading charms, and hastened on
To join the blest above.

A tear stole down my cheek, and turning round,
I left the chamber of the dead, went home
And prayed, '*Father!* let my exit be like
His. * * * * * * I. G. W.

TEMPERANCE.

All efforts for the suppression of the vice of intemperance, and the promotion of temperance, have been, for the most part, confined to the male portion of the community. This is wrong. We have long possessed the opinion, that the females can do more towards overcoming and eradicating intemperance, than the other sex—and that all efforts to remove the vice, will be of no avail, unless the ladies co-operate. Societies may be formed and addresses may be delivered, but all to no purpose, if the fair portion of our race are not made to see and feel the importance of lending a helping hand. We have read many addresses which have been delivered before the temperance societies, but none of them so clearly set forth the true course of procedure, as the one by John Neal. We give the following extract a place in our columns, hoping, that our fair readers will profit by the gentle hints it contains. 'It is a manly and eloquent composition, and we hope it has been extensively and attentively read. But the sentiments relating to the influence and the the example of women deserves to be embodied in a work expressly designed for the ladies:

"It is not enough that our mechanics, our laborers, our strong men, our gifted, and our youth are engaged in the great work. *Our women must be with us, or we cannot hope to prevail*—our mothers, our wives, and our daughters—the other half, and, in such matters, by far the most influential half of our whole population. It is not enough that we confederate together abroad, as men, to discourage the use of strong drink, in our workshops, in our taverns, or in the highway—to make sobriety one of the qualifications of a ruler—to encourage the culture of the grape, or the use of cheap and safe wines that would be accessible to the poor, and not lead to a desire for any thing dangerous; to labor night and day for the overthrow of the Destroyer; it is not enough that we do all this, if the wives, and mothers, and sisters of our country, continue to make our very homes a snare to us, every sociable coming together, every fire-side interview, every joyous event, an excuse for tampering with the shadow, or playing with the skirts of the enemy. As for what we may do—

"——We do but wear
Our strength away, in wrestling with the air;"

So long as women persist in pouring the fiery drug into the caudle cup of the babe—mingly it with the food of the infant—substituting fever for health, and sorrow for strength—counterfeiting the stream of pearl, and hiding the treachery with flavor, and color, and perfume; for all these things are to be done, before the youthful purity of taste can be perverted. What are we to do, when we have, under one pretence or another, brandy mixed with our very food—our sauces—our jellies—our cakes and our pies—with whatever is intended to be better and richer than usual? What are we to do, as men; after we have been made to relish the flavor of ardent spirit in this way—from our cradle to our grave—accustomed to it in our pap; taught, in our very childhood, to sit up to the table, and throw off a glass of wine, like a man; of Portuguese wine too, such as the Portuguese themselves never drink, for we, like the English, have it with what we call a body to it, in other words, overcharged with brandy---in a glass of our own too; for where is the child without a wine-cup of his own!

"Let every mother beware. No human creature ever yet loved the open, perceptible, undisguised flavor of rum, or brandy, or gin, whiskey, or Portuguese wine---or tobacco. But he is led to a relish for them, while a babe---or a child---worried or shamed into a liking for them, till he has overcome the loathing and horror, the prohibition and the penalty of Him that loveth his creatures; and goes down to the chambers of death---a drunkard and a beast.

"The women of our country, they who surround us with a living sunshine, with life and virtue like an atmosphere---even they are chargeable, with perhaps a chief part of our present degradation, guilt, and sorrow. But for them, we never could have been what we are---a nation laboring with a fiery plague, that afflicts every twelfth of our number---and in the way of becoming a people of drunkards. Not that they themselves are lovers of strong drink; but they it is, that have taught our fathers, and ourselves, and our children to love it. Are they not the first and the chief teachers of men? And yet they sing of the red grape; they plant the vine about every path we tread in life---among our very household-gods; they offer the wine-cup to all that approach them, and they make little or no distinction, where they may, between the temperate and the intemperate, the dissolute and the virtuous.

"Do they recoil at the charge? It is true, nevertheless. Were they to do as they ought---were they to stand forth in their purity and power---were they to forbid the hope of the intemperate---were they to do no more than they may do, without reproach, they would reform posterity without the help of man. Next to God, therefore, let us put our trust in woman---

"The hope of the nations—the bravest and best,
That e'er smote the plumage from tyranny's crest."

Ladies Repository.

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

In presenting proposals for the third vol. of the Messenger it is merely necessary to say, that no essential change will be made in the course of the paper, unless it be to avail ourselves of every possible opportunity of increasing the talent and interest in its columns. It will, therefore, in the language it has ever held forth, to the world, continue to "plead the cause of a slandered and persecuted denomination of Christians—the UNIVERSALISTS;" endeavor to inspire confidence among its friends, and to induce as far as possible the thoughtless and unconcerned, and even opposers, to come forward into the field of examination and "reason together" on the great and glorious doctrines of a *world's reconciliation to God.*

Its motto may be, perhaps, the surest index to its character. It breathes neither wrath nor fury to the chileren of men, but on the contrary, it points to a peaceful messenger on the mountain top, proclaiming "good tidings" and publishing peace." "*How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.*"

An interesting Discussion between Rev. E. S. Ely, (Presbyterian) and A. C. Thomas, one of the editors, is now in progress in its columns.

With unfeigned gratitude to the Universalist public for the many tokens of approbation bestowed upon our paper for the 2 years it has now been in existence, we submit these Proposals for the third volume, referring simply to the past, as a pledge for the future.

CONDITIONS.

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